

THE SIOUX WAR.

Sketch of Army Movements on the Powder and Yellowstone Rivers.

HUNTING VAINLY FOR THE SIOUX.

Ridiculous and Inadequate Provision for the Troops.

STRANGE MILITARY BLUNDERS.

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Insolence and Ingratitude of the Crow Indian Allies.

THEY LOVE TO EAT AND REFUSE TO FIGHT.

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Report of a Terrible Battle Between Terry and Sitting Bull.

GENERAL SHERMAN DISCREDITS IT.

He Is Well Satisfied with Operations So Far.

ON BOARD THE FAR WEST, NEAR MOUTH POWDER RIVER, August 17, 1876. VIA BISMARCK, D. T., August 23, 1876.

The events which have transpired since the troops, under the command of Colonel Otis, passed this point on the 29th of July have been curiously illustrative of Indian campaigns. A large force of troops had travelled some thousands of miles to fight the Indians; but, for some reason difficult to explain, when the Indians presented themselves in a very defiant attitude the troops found that their duty called them to some other point. In a former letter the HERALD received as full and fair a statement of what occurred in the skirmish which took place between Colonel Otis' command and the hostile Indians encamped upon the banks of the circumstances of the hour permitted. The facts were sent forward without comment to speak for themselves, with such explanation as Colonel Otis thought well to give unsolicited.

WHERE SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED.

When the presence of the Indians at Powder River was reported to General Terry there were not wanting officers of experience who urged upon the department commander the wisdom of sending a strong force to Powder River and striking at the natives; but no attention was paid to this advice, on the ground, it is supposed, that it would interfere with the general plan of the campaign by delaying the movement of the main column. It was also open to the objection that a small force would run the risk of being overpowered and cut to pieces. Whatever may be the value of these reasons one thing is certain, that fifteen days ago they were within easy striking distance of the Sioux, and to-day one-fourth of the United States army is making forced marches to discover the whereabouts of the men who, during the latter days of July and the first days of August, invited our soldiers who happened to pass near them to combat with an insolence justified by the successes they have constantly obtained in fighting the white man. It is generally believed that the forces of Sitting Bull have succeeded in pushing to the north bank of the Yellowstone and that General Terry's column is following their old trail, but there is little ground on which to base this conclusion. It is somewhat curious that an experienced Indian fighter like Crook should have allowed so large a body of Indians to have escaped from his front, and the fact that he never communicated to General Terry any information of the movements of the Indians has caused quite a good deal of comment. There is no doubt that if the generals in this campaign had kept each other informed of what was transpiring in their immediate vicinity that the issue would not have been so disastrous to the army and the country.

DISGRACEFUL NEGLECT BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The preparations made by the War Department to carry on operations against the Sioux were ridiculously inadequate and altogether unsuitable to the nature of the country. Huge wagon trains have been sent out that creep over the ground and in many cases cannot be passed through the country where it is necessary to fight, instead of good mules, which could go anywhere cavalry or infantry could pass without delaying the column in making bridges and roads. In one of my former letters attention was called to the disgraceful neglect shown in not providing proper means of transportation for the sick and wounded. This matter comes up again in connection with General Terry's present expedition. Three thousand two hundred men left the Rosebud Creek to march forced marches in order to fight the Sioux, and it is impossible that so large a number of men should undergo fatigue and hardships, exposed as they are to sudden changes of temperature, without some among them falling sick and requiring care and attention, yet the only provision made for conveying the sick and wounded was a single *prairie*, or Indian horse litter, so that the out of luck philosophy is again triumphant. The same heedlessness is shown in the supply department; and, although the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers afford every facility for supplying the troops in the field with all the necessities of life, the men are chiefly dependent on pork, crackers and coffee, a diet that would ruin any stomach. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the men do not grumble, but willingly support the privations and fatigues to

which they are exposed, only asking in return that their generals may place them in front of the enemy and give them an opportunity to avenge their comrades.

MOORING OF THE SOLDIERS.

From the moment we crossed the Yellowstone to the present time the soldiers have shown the best spirit, and should we succeed in overtaking the Indians they will no doubt give a good account of themselves. The march from the mouth of the Rosebud Creek up the Rosebud Valley to the point where we met General Crook's column tried the mettle of the infantry severely. The heat was overpowering, ranging from 109 in the shade to 122 in the sun. The foot soldiers acting as flankers to the column were obliged to sit sometimes for an hour in the sun perched on the sides of treeless hills without even a leaf to cover them, and it is wonderful that numbers of them were not prostrated by heat during the march. The column crossed and recrossed the bed of Rosebud Creek, which at this time had lost the dignity of a stream, and was simply a chain of stagnant pools. As it was necessary for the working parties under Lieutenant K. Maguire to make bridges and render some of the longer canyons practicable for the passage of the wagon train, our progress was dishearteningly slow. It was with real satisfaction that the troops received orders to pitch their tents for the night in a broad bottom surrounded by low hills, where there was good grass for the horses of the column.

EXTRAPRISING OF TEMPERATURE.

While here some stupid fellows started a rumor that a horse and dead soldier, belonging to company C of the Seventh cavalry, had been found by the pickets, but the rumor proved to be wholly groundless. During the night the temperature suddenly changed, the heat of the day being followed by a heavy downpour of rain. The temperature continued to fall, and next day stood 51 degrees in the shade, a difference of 65 degrees within twenty-four hours. So bitter was the cold that the soldiers lighted fires whenever the column came to a halt, and officers and men stood round and found a fire in August quite welcome, though but a few hours before we had been exposed to sunstroke weather.

GENERAL TERRY'S INDIGNATION.

Meeting General Terry at one of these fires, on the occasion of a long halt, our conversation turned naturally on the campaign, its causes and probable issue. General Terry, in common with all army officers who have expressed their opinions on the subject to me, condemns in the strongest terms the Indian policy which has hitherto been adopted by all parties in this government. He naturally enough thinks it is scandalous that one branch of the government should supply the savages of the plains with improved arms and ammunition with which to kill the soldiers of the United States army and the helpless pioneers of the Western States. He does not desire a war policy which brings great discomfort and danger and but little or no glory. He thinks that a firm and honest policy, based upon common sense would speedily put an end to these Indian outbreaks, and that the first step should be the taking away of all breech-loading arms from the different tribes. As these arms were in many cases bought in good faith muzzle-loading guns might be given to replace them. The advantage in arms secured to troops in this manner would be of itself a guarantee against Indian wars. General Terry also thinks that if the Indians were placed under the War Department a great many of the abuses which arise from the division of authority and diversity of views of the two branches of government would disappear.

ROUGH COUNTRY FOR MARCHING.

Our march now lay through a succession of abandoned Indian camps, showing that we were on a favorite hunting ground of the Sioux. The bleached bones of buffaloes and now and then the shaggy head of this monarch of the plains, testifying to the recent passage of Indian hunters, were met with from time to time, scattered among wickiups or temporary shelters made of saplings and tree branches, but so far no signs of the hostile Sioux were encountered. Our picturesque but dirty Crow and Ree allies had brought in information of the near approach of the Sioux, and we were in hourly expectation that the savages would appear to dispute our progress. The country was eminently favorable for their system of warfare. Plains scarred by deep canyons, which might conceal an army from view and yet were invisible at a few hundred yards distant. Right and left ran continuous lines of bluffs on either hand, offering positions that, defended by resolute and well armed men, would be almost impregnable.

RAD SCARE BY THE CROWS.

Suddenly, while standing around a fire at a temporary halting place, we were startled by a quick succession of unearthly yells, and soon after a band of Crows, painted hideously, burst into camp at full gallop. They report "heap Sioux" coming toward us—more Sioux than they had ever seen before. This our informant expressed clearly in language showing us the Sioux mounted and coming to cut our throats. The interpreter soon after arrived and confirmed us in our interpretations of the Indian sign language. Two companies of the Seventh cavalry, under Captain French and Lieutenant de Indio were sent forward to support the scouts in case of attack, while the column was closed up as rapidly as the difficult nature of the ground would permit. This proved a false alarm, and we camped for the night after a march of some nine miles from our first halting place, and we lay down.

HALF IN HOPE, HALF IN FEAR.

of meeting the Sioux warriors on the morrow. Reveille sounded at three A. M., and about an hour and a half later the column began its march. Nothing of consequence occurred before about eleven A. M. of this day, when we were startled by a simultaneous rush of the Crow scouts from all points, uttering their unearthly screams, while at the same moment figures were discovered on the distant bluffs. By general consent these were pronounced Sioux. The troops were immediately formed in line of battle, and the scene suddenly became animated in the extreme. One battalion of the Seventh cavalry, under Captain Weir, formed a mounted skirmish line at full gallop, aided by the Second cavalry, drawn up in column on their flank, under General Brislin, and Lieutenant Low's battery of three guns. The trains were closed up, and the companies of the Fifth infantry, under General Miles; the Sixth, under Colonel Moore, and Twenty-second, under Colonel Otis, were extended along the flanks, and moved in the rear as supports. For a few moments all was expectation and anxiety.

A SINGLE HORSEMAN ADVANCED.

from the timber and there was a muttered exclamation from many mouths, "there they come." As we strained our ears for the report of the first gun the horseman advanced toward the skirmishers making signs of friendship and was allowed to approach. It proved to be Cody, the scout, better known as Buffalo Bill, dressed in the magnificence of border fashion. He announced that we were in front of General Crook's command and might put off all bloodthirsty thoughts for that day. The column then resumed its march.

MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE INDIANS.

It is worthy of note that, though not a shot was fired, Colonel Weir's battalion of the Seventh cavalry had twelve men dismounted in the gallop to form the skirmish line, and two men of one company had their legs broken. This result is in part due to the system of sending raw recruits, who have, perhaps, never ridden twenty miles in their lives, into active service to fight the best horsemen in the world, and also to the furnishing the cavalry young, unbroken horses, which become unmanageable as soon as a shot is fired. Sending raw recruits and untrained horses to fight mounted Indians is simply sending soldiers to be slaughtered without the power of defending themselves. Some four miles from the point where we formed the line of battle General Crook was found encamped.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CROOK?

He did not leave his camp to meet General Terry, a circumstance that caused no little comment. The conduct of this officer through the campaign has been, to say the least, peculiar. On consultation General Terry learned that Crook had been following for several days a heavy trail, supposed to be leading in the direction of Powder River. Had this information been sent to General Terry by courier, as could easily have been done, the forces of that general, which were encamped on the Yellowstone, could have easily moved down to cut off the Indians' retreat northward, or advance up the river until they met Crook's column, when the trail could have been followed in whatever direction it led. This is what the public interest required, but for reasons difficult to understand General Crook allowed General Terry to march into his camp without making an effort to furnish him with information as to his movements. The fact that General Terry is a volunteer general, and not a West Pointer, may, perhaps, have something to do with it. Inquisitive people are also asking how it came to pass that so distinguished an Indian fighter as General Crook allowed a large body of Indians, encumbered with their families and their wounded, to escape from him. It is admitted now that the trail which the column is following must be eight days old. In the first day's march of twenty-five miles made by the united column three Indian camping places were passed, indicating that when the Sioux column passed over the same ground it was marching at a very slow rate, not hurrying in the least.

THE INDIAN POLICE

is divided into three columns, which during the day march on parallel lines and at night camp together. From the indications the outward column on the left contains the wounded, as there are traces of some 200 traverses on which wounded warriors are usually carried, and the rocks in the road of the column have been moved away where they would interfere with the passage of the traverse. It is presumed the wounded from Custer's fight are with this column.

MOVEMENT OF GENERAL MILES.

In order to prevent the Sioux from crossing the Yellowstone and escaping into the British possessions General Miles was ordered to take the Fifth infantry and two guns and return by forced marches to the supply camp on the Yellowstone, where he was to embark his troops on the steamer Far West, and, placing some companies at the point of crossing, patrol the Yellowstone between Tongue and Powder rivers, using the steamer as a kind of gunboat. At five P. M. the Fifth infantry began its return march over a road cut up by the passage of a heavy train during the day and though the men were fatigued and worn out by the long day's march, it did not halt until some sixteen miles had been gone over. Here a short halt was made for a few hours, when the march was resumed. At ten o'clock in the morning the head of the column reached Rosebud Creek just as the Far West appeared coming up the river in answer to a despatch sent by Captain Sanger, commandant of Camp Supply, to Captain Grant Marsh, to whose energy and courage the army is deeply indebted in this campaign. Grant Marsh is

A MODEL STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN

and has the honor to have been the pioneer in taking a steamboat up the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers. The result of the opening up of these rivers will be invaluable to Montana, which is sadly in need of some easy highway by which to reach the great markets of the East. The navigability of the river has been settled beyond question. At this late period of the year, on the present trip, the Far West carries supplies, forage, artillery, ammunition, &c., to the amount of 1,301 tons, and the Captain says that he believes the river can be navigated as far as the Crow River, near Fort Ellis. If this should prove correct an easy road would be opened to the Yellowstone National Park and the splendid game country that lies to the north. The work of patrolling the Yellowstone, between Powder and Tongue rivers, is done very thoroughly by General Miles, who has his headquarters on board the Far West, and unless the Indians have already crossed they will find it pretty difficult to elude the vigilance of the force employed in the work.

LOOKING FOR INDIAN TRAILS.

Scouts have been sent over O'Fallon's Creek in order to hunt up any Indian trails that might exist, but they returned last night and reported that no trail could be found. Unless the Indians have already passed north by Powder River there is good reason to believe they are still in front of Terry's column unless they have dispersed at Powder River. There is a small trail leading north, but it was evidently made by a war party or a band going to Fort Peck in search of arms and ammunition, and a fresh trail has also been discovered some twelve miles east of Tongue River, but it is not important.

THE INDICATIONS AT PRESENT

are that the Indians will continue to retreat as far south as the Powder Mountains, where they will probably make a stand, or they will separate into small bands, and so elude pursuit. In either case the patrolling of the Yellowstone ought to give good results. News of an important battle may be expected within a few days. If General Terry fails to come up with the Indians within the next week all hopes of punishing them this summer will be at an end, and the campaign will degenerate into a series of unimportant skirmishes in this region as a finer campaign is impossible.

TRIP OF A HERALD CORRESPONDENT AND HIS SCOUT THROUGH THE INDIAN HAUNTS—INSOLUBLE AND UNGRATEFUL BEHAVIOR OF THE CROW ALLIES—THEY SHOW THE WHITE FEATHER WHEN ASKED TO FIGHT—A DAY OF FRUITLESS SCOUTING.

ON BOARD THE FAR WEST, NEAR POWDER RIVER, August 17, 1876, VIA BISMARCK, August 23, 1876.

Leaving the united columns of Terry and Crook to be looked after by my colleague, as soon as it was definitely known that the two commands were in future to move together, your correspondent, accompanied by his trusty scout, set out to regain the column of General Miles, which had left for the Yellowstone on the previous night. Burke, the HERALD scout, is a model frontiersman. When asked if he were afraid to ride with the correspondent through the dangerous country lying between Terry's camp and the little supply camp on the Yellowstone he replied promptly, "If you are going I'll go with you. I'll be ready in five minutes. My horse is broken down, but if the Indians get after us there isn't any use trying to run away, because anyhow they would be sure to catch us." With this consoling reflection he went off saddled his horse, and within five minutes was ready for the journey. There was just enough danger to make our journey interesting. The nature of the country favored surprise, and there was no guarantee that at any moment we might not hear the savage yell of some Indian scouting party hunting us for our scalps. Right and left the broken hills were seamed, with valleys in whose dark recesses hundreds might be in secure concealment, and as we travelled over the dusty track which marked our advance we cast from time to time anxious glances to the right and left and most frequently beyond us holding our breaths. Now and then the wind would seize the thick lying dust and whirl it aloft in columns as when raised by a party of horsemen dashing along at full speed.

FREQUENT SCARES.

These scares were frequent during the first hours, but gradually we became used to the phenomena which caused them, and by the time we had accomplished twenty miles we had persuaded ourselves that the Indians were too busily engaged elsewhere to pay much attention to us. The event justified this confidence, for though darkness overtook us and we were obliged to sit on a hillside in a drenching rain until the night cleared enough to allow us to follow the train nothing of consequence occurred until our eyes were gratified by the sight of the yellow waters of the Yellowstone. In accordance with a curious custom that obtains in the United States army the supply camp is placed on the bank of the river furthest from the enemy, so that in case of a scout or small detachment being pursued by the Indians they might be massacred before help could reach them. Passing the night as comfortably as possible, lying on the bank of the river, there was plenty of time to reflect on these subjects. In the morning Captain Salger, who commands the supply camp, kindly sent a boat to convey us across the river. A warm welcome and good breakfast having restored the HERALD correspondent's morale, he could address himself to the question of descending the river to join General Miles, who had pushed on with such rapidity as to have set at naught all calculations. It was announced at the supply camp by Indian couriers that some 450 Crow Indians would arrive the same day on their way to join General Crook. Lieutenant Clark, of the Second cavalry, had been left behind in order to take charge of these warriors and scouts. As soon as the Crows arrived the Lieutenant went to work to get them into fighting shape. They had come with old men and boys, and a small number of squaws, and required reorganization. Nothing could be more picturesque than the

APPEARANCE OF THESE CROWS

and their splendid physique quite dwarfed the soldiers of the garrison. The chiefs and old men assembled, and having passed the pipe listened to a few words to the point spoken to them by Lieutenant Clark through an interpreter. The orator of the Crows, Blackfoot, a splendid man, over six feet high, rose and replied with the dignified grunts of his race. He said he had travelled far, and was hungry and that as soon as he had eaten he would then talk with the white chief. He and his tribe had come down to fight the Sioux, and recover from them the land which belonged to the Crows, and when he had eaten he would have a talk. In order to put the Indians in good humor one day's rations were issued to the noble red men, and soon the chiefs were engaged in the work of distributing, which they appeared to do with order and fairness. The scene, however, was far from giving a high idea of the Indian race. As the groups lay around patiently waiting their share of sugar, bacon, hard tack and coffee, men, boys and women amused themselves hunting in each other's raven locks and evidently relishing the captured game. There is a strange mixture of cleanliness and squalidly in the Indian's diet. But as he never seems to change his underclothing he has at all times an odor repugnant to our olfactory nerves. When the serious business of eating had been accomplished the chiefs and leading men assembled before Lieutenant Clark's tent and discussed the grave question as to whether they would proceed further on the warpath, although they professed great desire and willingness to fight the Sioux. When it came to the question whether or not they would proceed to Powder River they showed

A STRONG DESIRE NOT TO MOVE

one inch. They were full of brave words, but when it came to deeds it was too much. Another question, the savages felt they were the masters of the situation, and meant to do very much as they pleased. The result of a stupid and vacillating Indian policy was plainly visible in the mingled arrogance and indifference with which they treated our officers. It was evident they neither feared nor respected the United States Army, although they were not too proud to crouch down about the tents while the white man was eating in the hope of being invited to share the meal. The proposition clearly put to the Crow chiefs was whether or not they were willing to go down the river under Lieutenant Clark, scouting the left bank as far as Powder River; but they managed to evade this issue with great cunning. They would go by any road except the one they were asked to go, and though they professed great desire to meet the Sioux, they were very careful to avoid coming in contact with him. This being the state of their minds, their picturesque council by the camp fire broke up with a promise that in the morning they would give a final reply.

ONE WHO WOULD FIGHT.

Good Heart, the chief soldier, came to say that even if the chiefs would not go he would get a number of the young men together and would go with them. The matter was talked over and smoked over during the night, but the morning found our Crow friends in the same chicken-hearted frame of mind. At first they said the young men would go on, and asked how many days' rations they would get, and being told five they seemed contented. Then they wanted ammunition. This they were told would be issued to the young men who were going on the warpath, and when asked how many would go, they said they would see as soon as the young men who had gone in search of their ponies returned. Then they demanded that the ammunition should be given to the chiefs to be distributed among the whole tribe, and afterward they would inform the white chiefs how many of the young men would accompany them. As it was evident they were only endeavoring to obtain supplies of food and ammunition without making any return, this cool proposition was properly rejected, and as it was evident that the Crows had no intention of entering on the war path Lieutenant Clark embarked his dismounted soldiers in Lieutenant Reed's Mackinaw boats and proceeded down the river to rejoin General Terry's command.

THE CROWS' INGRATITUDE.

As a signal instance of the loyalty of these Crows it may be mentioned that they absolutely refused to furnish thirty ponies to mount Lieutenant Clark's cavalry detachment, although they had an immense supply of ponies with them and full payment was offered in food and blankets, and yet for years we have been feeding and protecting this tribe of savages. It is clearly time to adopt a policy that will insure some respect in return for our gifts to these savages. The journey down the river in flat bottom boats was happily accomplished without interruption from the hostiles. Once a few horsemen were seen in the hills, and as their movements were suspicious we landed and prepared to entrench ourselves to resist attack. The appearance of two mounted Indians on the bank with a dog and waving a letter, put to rest all apprehension and the same evening we reached the encampment of General Miles' command near the mouth of Tongue River. About the same moment Muggins Taylor, the scout, arrived with word from General Terry that the Indian trail ran in the direction of Powder River and that the hostiles would probably be found in that direction. General Miles was on board the Far West, with Captain Grant Marsh,

PATROLLING THE RIVER,

but arrived during the night. Without moment's delay he ordered the camp to be broken up, and, taking the soldiers and supplies on board, moved down to Powder River to head off the Indians. Arrived at this point, a detachment, under Major Rice, was sent down in the Mackinaw boats to Opallion's Creek, where it was supposed the Indians might endeavor to cross. On the 10th a scout came in and reported a small trail near Tongue River. As it was supposed General Terry's column might be fighting with the Indians and that small bands might escape across the river, the Far West again set out on patrol duty. When within twelve miles of Tongue River two officers, the HERALD correspondent and two soldiers were put ashore to scout the banks of the river and try and find any indications of fresh crossing. The country was of the most villainous nature up hill and down valley, and our road lay over rocks and through mud banks, the horses sometimes sinking to their knees. On the sides of the high hills there were plentiful traces of Indian ponies, but they were all so old it was impossible to say when they were made, but it was evident they were not of recent formation. General Miles was now satisfied that no Indians had crossed nor were crossing above Powder River, and that we could devote all our attention to that portion lying between the Powder River rapids and Fort Buford. On our return to camp we found the forces of General Terry encamped on the Yellowstone at the mouth of Powder River. The command had met no Indians, and in all probability will meet none this season.

GENERAL TERRY'S MARCH TO THE YELLOWSTONE—LIKELIHOOD OF THE SIOUX BREAKING INTO SMALL BANDS AND SNEAKING BACK TO THEIR RESERVATIONS—BURNING THE GRASS IN THEIR RETREAT—THE PERILOUS POST OF COLONEL RICE.

ON BOARD THE FAR WEST, NEAR GLENDEINE CREEK, August 15, 1876, VIA BISMARCK, D. T., August 23, 1876.

The forces under General Terry, which left Rosebud Creek on the morning of the 11th, arrived yesterday afternoon on the Yellowstone by the valley of Powder. They had met with no Indians on their march. On leaving Rosebud Creek the column had followed the large Indian trail, which was found to lead almost due east to the Tongue River. Following the course of this stream for some miles, it again turned due east through a rough and difficult country, the chief features of which were rolling hills, clad with pine trees and deep valleys, which rendered the march very fatiguing. The trail struck the Powder River some forty miles from its mouth, and then turned down stream, reaching to within about nine miles of its mouth. Here again it strikes toward the east, leading in the direction of the Little Missouri River, where the bands of Sitting Bull are in the habit of wintering. It is thought that they will try to escape from the troops either by crossing the Yellowstone and going north or by breaking into small bands and sneaking back to their reservations. They have burned the grass behind them so as to stop pursuit and the want of forage will render this measure very effective against our cavalry horses, which are already very much worn out. The scouts say the main trail is at least nine days old, but a small trail has been discovered which is comparatively recent. This band was headed off by the patrol kept moving up and down the river by General Miles. In consequence of the system of mandated scouts employed by our General against the Indians the troops are unable to keep up an effective pursuit. General Crook has left his supply train entrenched on Goose Creek, where it is now practically useless. It is not always practicable to have the supply train accompany the column, but there is no good reason why it should not follow at some distance in the rear. The use of bullock teams has been suggested by General Miles. They would have the advantage of living on grass and being available for food as the other supplies were exhausted. This suggestion merits the attentive consideration of the generals and others responsible for the

organization of expeditions against the Indians. Under orders from General Terry a reconnaissance of the Yellowstone River was made to-day by General Miles, with two companies of the Fifth infantry, the pounder field piece and one Gatling gun. No recent traces of Indians were found, but General Miles resolved to leave a detachment of troops under the command of Colonel Rice, to whom the army is indebted for its effective trowel bayonet. This officer will be charged with scouting along the banks of the river and preventing the Indians crossing in his vicinity, a task his well known energy and decision well fits him to discharge. His post is a dangerous one, as with a small command of not more than sixty men he may at any time be called on to fight overwhelming numbers of well armed savages. This despatch will be carried overland by a special HERALD courier, who leaves the steamer at Glendine Creek. General Terry will continue the pursuit of the Indians on the 20th of August.

REPORTED BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

CHICAGO, August 23, 1876. A despatch just received at the military headquarters here, says that an Indian who arrived at the Standing Rock Agency on the Missouri River, yesterday, reports that a severe fight took place ten or twelve days since between the troops and the Indians at a point north of the Black Hills, and that the losses on both sides were very heavy, but the troops held possession of the field. The Indians broke into bands and dispersed over the country, with the troops in pursuit.

ACTION OF THE TUES.

CHENEY, WY. T., August 23, 1876. The Ctes who deserted Lieutenant Spencer at Cheyenne River on Friday last arrived at Rawlins to-day and turned over their arms to Sheriff Kennie.

TERRY AND CROOK IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE INDIANS—ATTACK ON THE BERTHOUD AGENCY BY THE SIOUX—REPORT OF A TERRIBLE BATTLE BETWEEN TERRY AND SITTING BULL.

St. Paul, Minn., August 23, 1876. A special despatch from Bismarck, Dakota, to the Pioneer Press and Tribune says that a white scout, named Burke, has just arrived from the mouth of the Rosebud River with despatches. General Terry and Crook, after making a junction and following up the main Indian trail, left their wagons, tents, &c., took thirty-seven companies of cavalry and eight of infantry and were making forced marches, expecting to overtake the Indians before they reached the Yellowstone River. The night before last a large war party of Sioux appeared on the opposite bank of the river from Berthoud agency and demanded supplies, and on being refused they opened fire, which lasted about fifteen minutes. They then withdrew and struck south toward Fort Lincoln.

A large party of Black Hillers, who left here for the Hills a few days ago, and who have been unable to break their camp four miles from Fort Lincoln, on heavy rains, were attacked on Sunday night and lost seven horses.

Later despatches just received from the commanding officer at Standing Rock says, Indians from Sitting Bull's camp report a terrible battle between Sitting Bull and Terry and Crook's combined forces. The Indians were repulsed and have scattered. Terry and Crook, however, are reported as having sustained as heavy losses as the Indians.

GENERAL SHERMAN DISBELIEVES THE REPORT OF AN ENGAGEMENT WITH THE INDIANS—HE HAS EVERY CONFIDENCE IN THE OFFICERS AND TROOPS.

WASHINGTON, August 23, 1876. The General of the Army says at midnight that he places no confidence in the report of the Indian at Standing Rock that there has been an engagement with the Indians and United States troops north of the Black Hills. He has great faith in the efficiency of General Miles' patrol of the Yellowstone, to prevent the Sioux from crossing, and says that the officers and men are doing splendidly. Every reliance must be put in their excellent judgment and great experience. They will do the best that can be done. He is perfectly satisfied and pleased. Sitting Bull must be punished and not merely let off by surrendering.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

VINEYARD HAVEN, August 23, 1876. Arrived, United States mail ship, Commodore from New Bedford on a cruise; United States training ship Supply, from New London on a cruise; United States steamer Wyoming from Newport on a cruise.

OBITUARY.

LOUIS ANTHONY GESCHIEDT, M. D. This eminent physician, one of the most distinguished in this country, died at his residence, near Hastings, on the Hudson, very suddenly of heart disease, on Sunday evening last, 20th inst., at the age of sixty-eight. He was born in Dresden, April 8, 1808, and, being designed for the Church, was educated at the Kreuz Schule in that city; but exhibiting a very early and an extraordinary aptitude for scientific investigation his education for the ministry was abandoned and he entered the Dresden University, where his progress in the natural sciences was so rapid, especially in botany, that he became the travelling companion and scientific associate of the Crown Prince of Saxony, afterward Frederick August II., in his botanical pursuits. At nineteen Dr. Gescheidt entered the University of Leipzig, where, in the short space of two years, he graduated with great distinction. Returning to his native city he became the assistant of Dr. A. Carus, the great physiologist, and Dr. F. A. von Ammon, the most eminent anatomist in Europe, and afterward devoted himself to the practice of medicine.

Upon the appearance of the cholera in Berlin he was sent by the municipality of Dresden to investigate the nature of that epidemic, and while in Berlin acted as the assistant of Dieffenbach in the dissection of anatomical and operative anatomy. Upon his return to Dresden he published a small work of great merit upon certain diseases of the eye, then imperfectly known, and rapidly gained a reputation for himself, and when the course of political events in Germany turned his attention in a new direction. Like many of the patriotic young men of his country he was an earnest advocate for a united Germany and a more liberal government, which he lived to see brought about, but which were then sentiments inimical to all his advanced scientific and literary attainments. He was a man of such extensive attainments and natural skill that he was distinguished in all branches of his profession, and his professional honors and rewards came as the natural result of his great ability, for he was a man of remarkable modesty, with an honest German contempt for everything like pretension, vanity or quackery. He had a noble personal presence, a fine, intellectual head, dignified and courteous manners, and a gentle voice, and sweet smile and calm, poised in the sick room had a marked effect upon the sick and suffering. A prominent merchant of this city went to Germany expressly to consult the great oculist, and was cured of a severe case of cataract. Dr. Gescheidt is a loss not easily supplied. He leaves a widow and daughter.

HIRSH H. DAVIS, OF HARRISON, N. J. Twenty or thirty years ago one of the best known places among drovers, cattle dealers and horse men, outside of the metropolis, was Davis Hotel, on the turnpike road, Harrison township, New Jersey, a mile or so from Newark. There used to congregate men from all parts of the country and from Canada. It was owned by Mark Davis, who purchased half the town of Harrison for a mere song. His son and heir, Hiram H. Davis, has just died of consumption and other causes. Mr. Davis was well known to the class of men above referred to. His property grew in value more for a portion of it he realized, not long since, \$250,000. The balance is worth \$250,000.